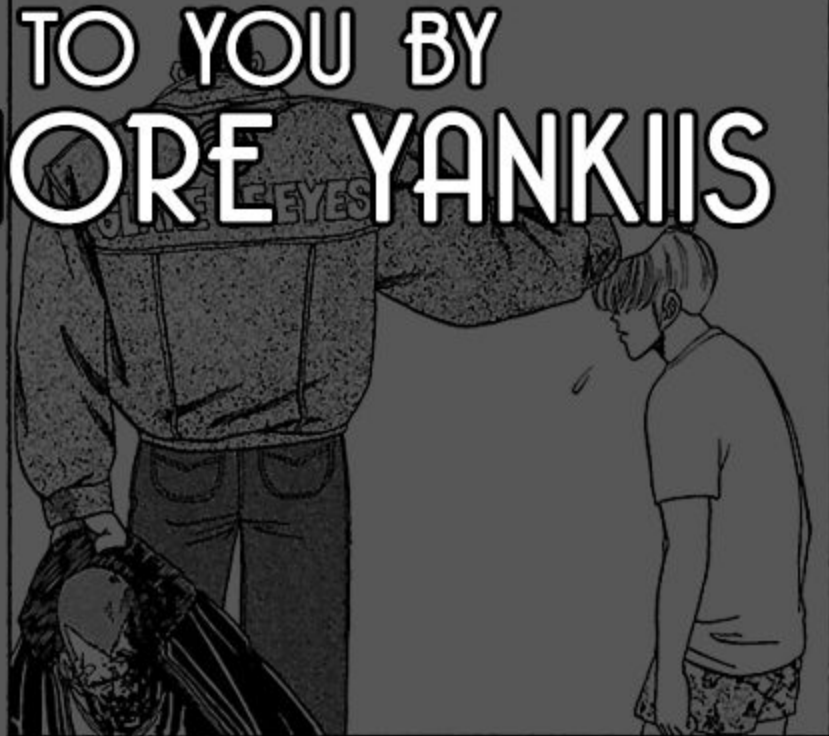


BROUGHT TO YOU BY
WE NEED MORE YANKIIS



TRANSLATED BY
DONI69

EDITED BY
JAWSH



DISCORD:
[Discord.gg/mnadMa4](https://discord.gg/mnadMa4)

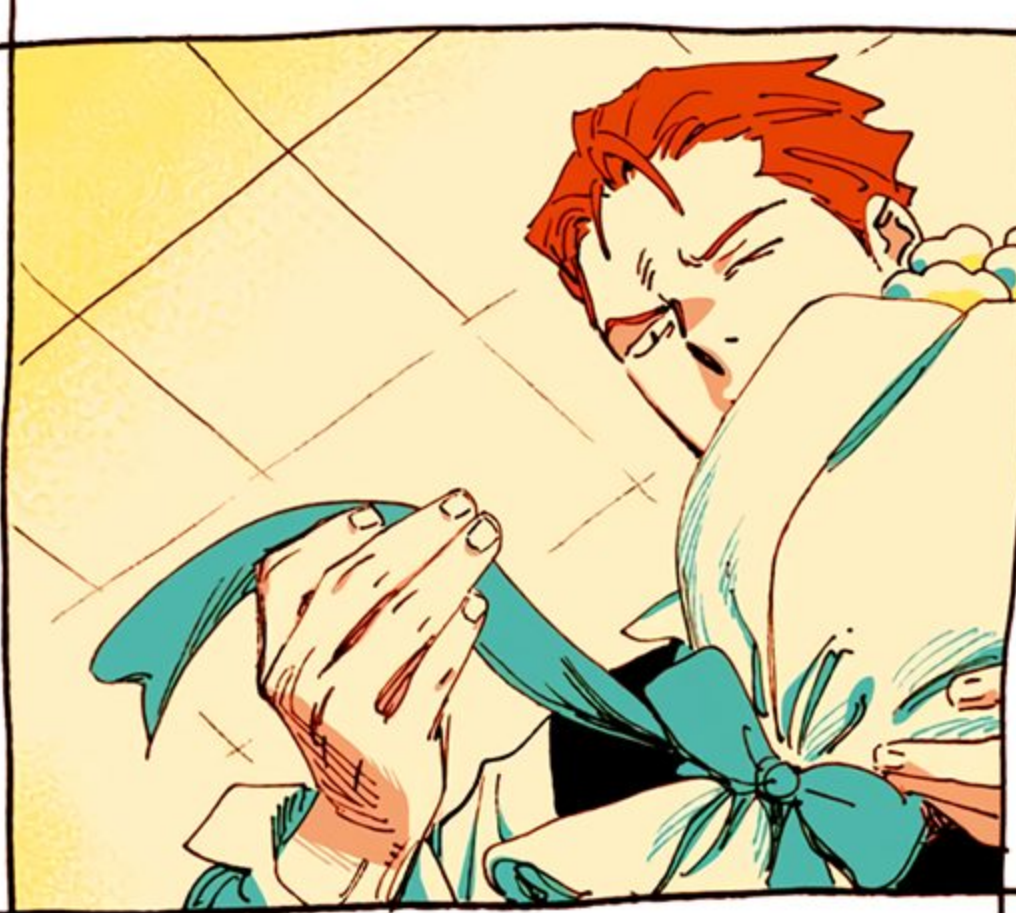
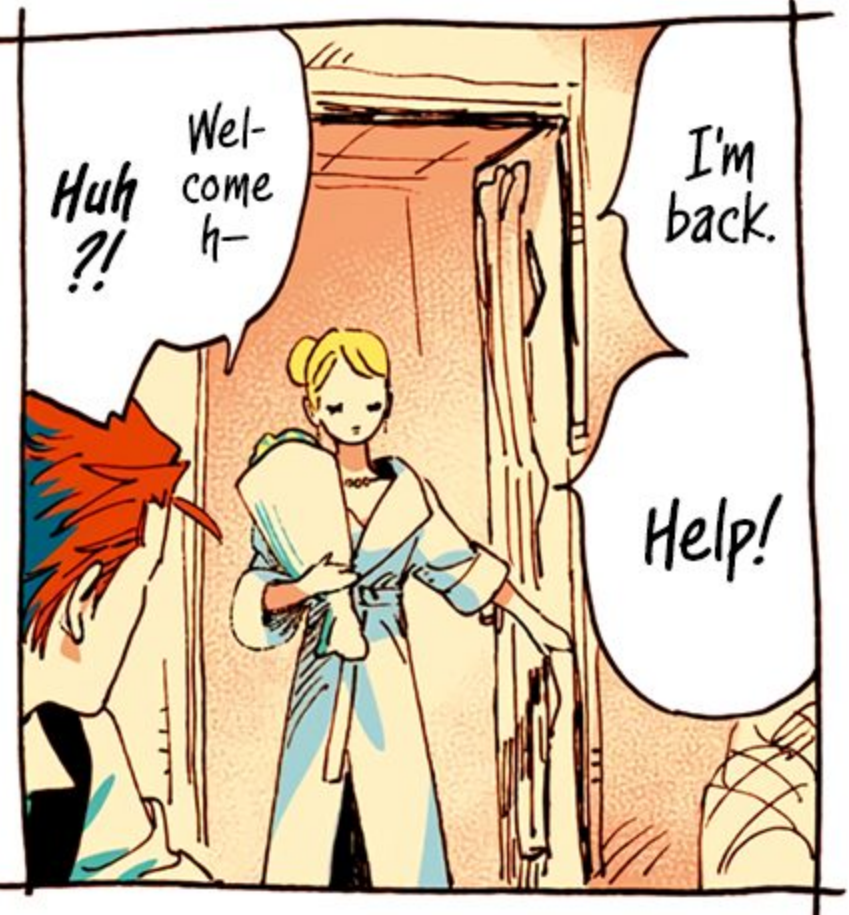
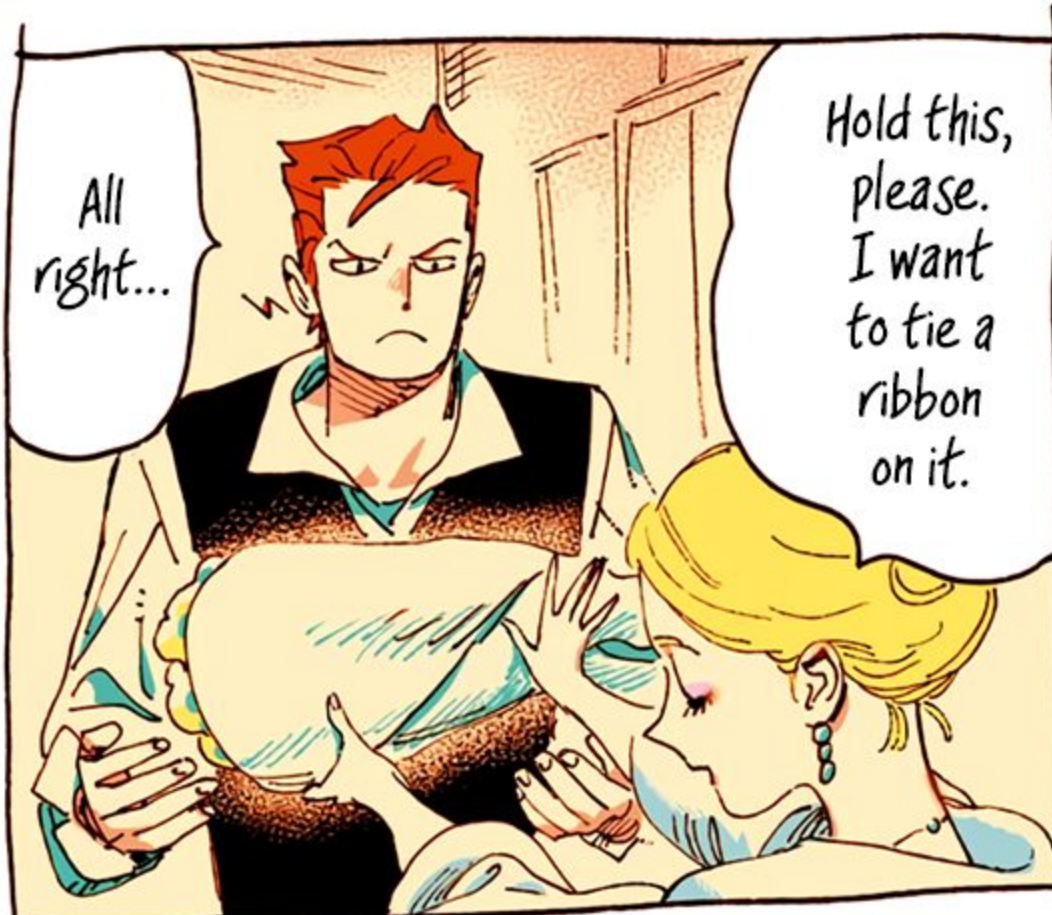


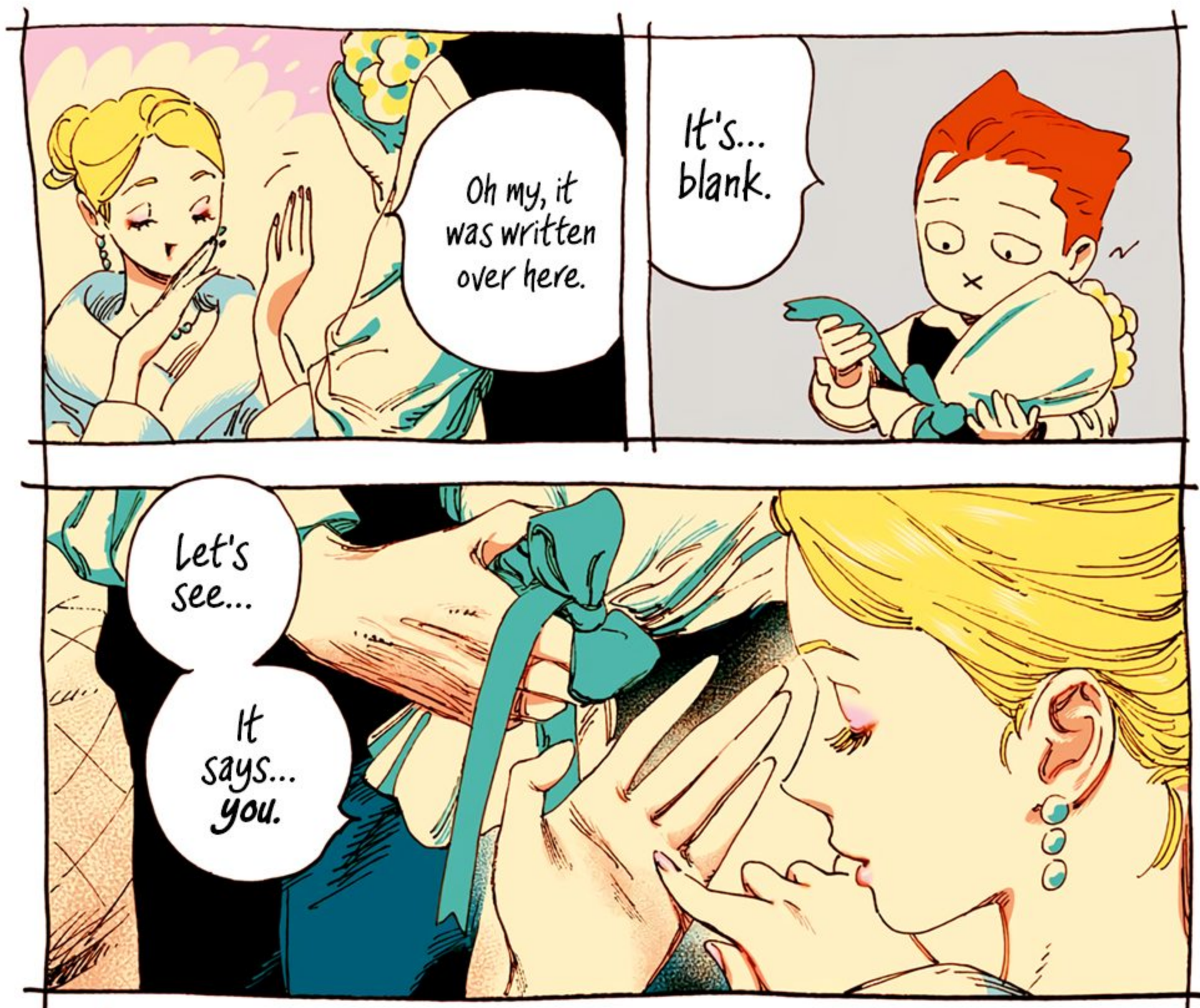
SCENE.

65



Bouquet







2023.02.21 finish



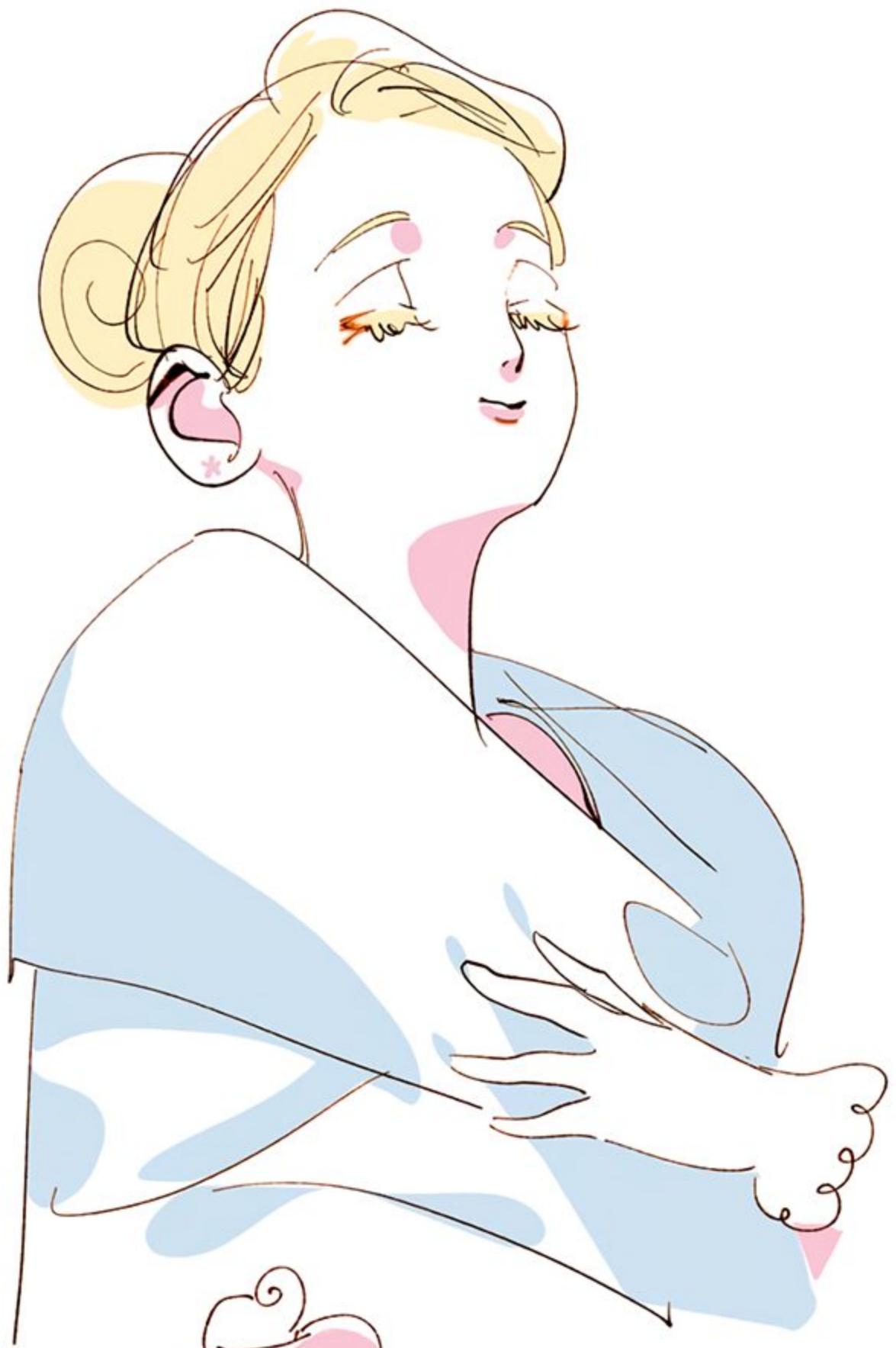




2022
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S.M.







My voice is mute to her.

I call out, but all I receive are pitiful looks and playful jabs from the surrounding walls and windows.

I have many words to tell and abundant praise to shower her with.

She is the only one these days to take care when descending me.

*All the others, without fail, find themselves tripping on the step third from the bottom
(it is an unique step after all).*

Even with their two beady eyes.

I listen in on her conversation with the red-haired man she relies upon as they sit atop me.

She speaks of the staircase in the mansion she previously lived in.

The red-haired man is massaging his jaw, moving it up and down with a sour face.

He had tripped just moments ago.

The staircase she spoke of had certain places where people would trip regularly.

But not her.

She never did because she took the care not to, she boasts with beaming pride.

She feels each step out with her toes, before placing her heel down gently, but with certainty.

Certain places where people would trip regularly, huh...

I see even staircases can have shared experiences.

I would like to meet this staircase one day...

My loud voice startled the then-sleeping window and it let off a small rattle.

The sunbeam radiating through danced gently on their backs.

**At the official residence.
Staircase's loud voice.**







